HAPPY DAYS FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS

Dear Children of the Club: The editor again reminds all children writing for the page to send their addresses written plainly and in full or whatever they send, whether stories Otherwise contribution cannot be published. No contributor writing on both

abroad these fine June days the beauty all around of green trees, grass and doys of out-of-door living that the season brings with it for boys and girls, who are about done with books and school for several months to come,

The editor is glad to think that wherever their summer outlings may take the bind them to The Times-Dispatch, and glad experiences will come back gers, telfing about green meadows, cool of the country side, in which "Buster seems to be revelling at present, Do you think you will go fishing, and have you a net to catch butterflies?

The Japanese Tea Gardens.

The Japanese 1ea Garcens.

Near the center of the World's Fair Grounds is a very artistic little park, known as the Japanese Tea Gardens. It is situated on a hill and in it are beautiful trees, schrubbery and different flowers, which grow in Japan. There are little streams with rustic bridges over them, and odd little benches on the banks.

e visited was the Japanese studio. There e saw two Japanese artists, who were thinling pictures. I bought one of the ctures and one of the artists pointed e a picture on the back of his card.

SARA D. STARKE,
514 W. Grace Street, Richmond, Va.

How the Cricket Brought Good

Fortune.

Fortune.

II. CHAPTER.

The child did not seem to hear; something absorbed his attention. The baker's wife went up to him and gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder. "What are you thinking about?" she asked. "Ma'am," said the little boy; "what is it that I hear singing?" "There is no classing," she roplied.

"Yes," cried the little fellow. "Hear it! Queek, queek, queek.

My friend and the woman both listened, but they heard nothing, unless it was the song of the cricket. "It is a bird," said the dear little fellow, or, perhaps, the bread sings as it begins to bake." "No, indeed, little goosey!" said the baker's wife: "those are crickets. They sing in the baker-house because we are lighting the oven, and they like to see fire."

"Crickets!" said the little boy; "are

ally crickets?"
to be sure." she said, good humThe child's face lighted up.
mest, "I would like it very much
would give me one." "A cricket,
a baker's wife, smiling; what
world would you do with one, my
'tend? I would gladly elva you
want, I am glad enough to get
hem." "Oh, ma'am, give me one;
e," They say that crickets bring
rtune into houses, and perhaps if
e one at home, mother, who has
y troubles, wouldn't cry any

On the Warpath.

BOYS AND GIRLS DO CREDITABLE WORK AS ARTISTS



behind.

The water now rushed back into its bed and the rain ceased. Frank got up and went to the creek and filed his flush, and started out on his journey again. The next three days of his journey passed uneventfully.

When he arrived at Colonel Milier's camp, he was so weak and exhausted the was so weak and exhausted.

When he arrived it Colonel Miller scamp, he was so weak and exhausted that he' could hardly stand. He was shown to headquarters, where he saw Colonel Miller, who heartly welcomed him. He then told his massage from Colonel Johnson. "I will send three hundred men immediately with provisions and the soldiers' pay," said Colonel Miller. He then called in an orderly. "Tell Water Sailman to report at once," he

he came in-"Goodness met he l, "give me my ring! I will have hung!"

cried, "give me my row,"
you hung!"
So the bad servant was hung. The
next day the youth went and got his
mother and fathet, and they lived in
peace and died in grace and were burled
in a pile of ashes.

(The End.)

Composed by GEORGE RYALL,
Richmond, Va.

black clouds.

He found a place called "The Devil's Pudding" which was a large hollow basin, about ten feet in diameter, with rocks and water in the bottom. This basin was sheltered by a huge rock. He had hardly lain down behind the rock before the rais began to full in torrents. The sky was lit up continually with white finishes of lightning the air was rent with terrible blasts of thunder. The storm now changed into a cyclone; great trees were blown down in every direction and Frank had some very narrow escapes from being killed by falling trees. The water from the creek which ran near was blown from its bed to the land. The

Red headed woodpeckey

THE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

1. Have you ever heard the story of the egg in the coffee pot?
2. Have you ever heard the story of the three eggs?
3. Have you ever heard the story of the empty box?
4. Have you ever heard the story of the solled dress?
5. Have you ever heard the story of the solled dress? MARGARET LEE BOSWELL, Chase City, Va. Acrostic.

ACTOSTIC.

In first is in cart, but not in harp.
I second is in off, but not in caught.
In first is in foe, but not in hoe.
I fourth is in fire, but not in hire,
Iffth is in eel, and also in heel.
I sixth is in eel, and also in heel.
I sixth is in ear, and also in hear.
WILLIAM T. PULLEM, JR.,
Mecklenburg county.

Consuderums.

Conundrums.

What nation produces the most mar lages?
2. What word, by changing one letter, pecomes its opposite? becomes its opposite?

3. What is that which you cannot hold for ten minutes, although as light as a feather?

1. What while singer draws the best and

4. What public single deared most?
5. What is that which becomes too young the longer it exists?
6. What is that which has a patch upon a patch and a hole in the middle?
By MAMIE AVERETT,
Averett, Va.
Answers to Puzzles.

I. Eye; II. Lawsuit; III. Welcome.
I. The beggar was a woman; II. A balderd.

ALMA LEE ALBERTSON.

Riddles.

1. Because it is out of breath.
2. One is something to wear, the other omething to est.
3. Something sweet.
4. Because she is an interrogation point.

it. Because it is in "pale." Their prepositions. Because it is made for the use of

My Trip to the Country.

We went on Wednesday and stayed un-til Saturday with my grandfather and grandmother who live in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. They were glad and surprised to see us. The Valley is lovely now; fertile fields of wheat and corn look

boys. I'm like Buster Brown: "I pity city people because they can't live in country."

After all we have our trials. Father and I miss the C. and W, train and had to go to Elkton and wait many hours for the N, and W, to take me to my aunt's home, "Shenandale." I was tired of waiting and was real glad to see the old train come in, as I was maxious to see my little cousins—Margaret and Lunelle. We played show and ten party. My aunt Alice ruins me, because she says she loves boys better than girls. They are so natural and don't put on airs. I really must close, I got my badge and think it

A Trip to the North Pole in a Balloon.

Balloon.

Here we start, all aboard. Oh! wait, we have not got the money to start. It will take quite awhile to start yet! But we have got it now!

The balloon started up and I began to got nervous. Fifteen people had gotten into the balloon with umbrellas, and I had none. When the balloon had got about twenty thousand miles up in the air I did not know what to do. I looked all around and I could not see anything, so I finally thought of taking the telescope. I put the telescope to my eyes and looked at Siberia, where the Russians were working like mules for a living for about ten cents a day. They looked as big as cook-a-roaches.

The balloon was gelting ready to burst and all the people opened up their unibrelins and jumped out. They landed in Concy Island Creek, N. Y. But I stayed in the balloon and I took a string and i let it down. An Irishman put a keg of beer on it and sat himself on the keg. I pulled him up. I came down on the keg and landed safely on a mules black.

Andrew Jackson.

Andrew Jackson's father was also named Andrew Jackson. He was an Irishman, who came to the Washaw settlement, on the line between North and South Carolina, about ten years before the Revolution. He had built a log cabin, cleared a little land and raised a crop of corn, when he sickened and died. In this sad time his son, Andrew Jackson, was born. Andrew's mother lived with her relatives and spun finst cearn a little money. From a little fellow "Andy" was a hottempered boy. Some larger boys once landed a gun very heavily and gave it to Andy to fire in order to see him get knecked over by the "kick" of the gun. But the ferce little, fellow had no soner tumbled over than he got up and vowed that he would kill the first one that Andrew Jackson's father was also

laughed, and one of the boys dared to ELIZABETH MAURY BEVERIDGE,

The Enchanted Castle.

The Enchanted Castle.

Ellso was very much astonished at hearing such a harsh voice and at being called "Curlostly Box," for she had always been respected by everybody, being a princess. However, she found herself in a little dark room with no window and a horrible one-eyed witch therein.

"Ahl yes, you writch: I have you in my clutches now," were her words of greeting. "Now here is your room, my dear." "Is it not cosy?" she said sneeringly, pointing to a small dark hole. It should be called even more filsmal than the other. "You will be duite fat in a fortinght, and will be delicous boiled with pork berry leaves, All this made poor uttile Ellse choke with sobs. How she wished for her warm little curtained bed. Just then she heard a little noise.

(To be Continued.)

ELUISE H. MCRAW.

St. Peter's Church.

St. Peter's Church was built about two hundred years ago out of bricks which are said to have been brought from England and paid for with tobacco. Little is known of its early history, except that Washington was married in it. During

Letters From The Children

Dear Editor:

The book you sent as a prize for my contribution was received a few days ago and I write both to thank you for it and to so how delighted I am to win a prize in The I.-D. C. C. I am encounaged so much, and I am going to send a story about one of my pets before long. I am sorry not to have a finished picture to send, but I only have a proof, taken with my brother, which I hope will do. My school doesn't close until the I was a finished picture to send, but I only have a groof, taken with my brother, which I hope will do. My school doesn't close until the I was a finished picture to send the I have a long time to go yet. Wishing the club much success, I am, Your friend,

JANIE RUFFIN SIMS,

Maxwelton, Va.

New Castle, Va.

Dear Editor:
Your very welcome letter of recent date
gave me great pleasure, I feel proud to say
I belong to The Times-Dispatch Children's
Club. Hoping the club everlasting success,
I remain as ever,
Very respectfully,
RALPH H. ALLEN,
No. 105 1-2 East Canal Street.

very much. Everybody thinks it is beautiful. The reason I have not answered your letter before, I have been sick and had to go to the doctor. I sent you some drawings a long while ago, and have not seen them in the paper yet. If they are not good enough to be published I will write you a real story of our dog, Grover. Hoping the club much success. I remain,

Yours truly,

SADIE BELLE TUCKER, No. 24 Jefferson Street, Petersburg, Va.

close. I have nover seen any of my drawing published and I hope these conundrums will be good enough to publish. Wishing The T.-D. C. C. much success.

Your little friend,
Midway Mills, Nelson county.

The Little Bird. What does little birdle say In his nest at peep of day? "Let me fly," says little birdle; "Mother let me fly,"

"Mother, let me ny away." "Birdie, rest a little longer, "lil the little wings are stronger." So she rests a little longer, Then she files away.

What does little baby say,
In his nest at peep of day?
Bay, like little birdle,
"Lee my sleep a little longer,"
The the little little longer,
"The the little limbs are stronger,"
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too, shall fly away,
Belected by MAMIE HERBIG,
Belected by MAMIE HERBIG,
Belected by MAMIE HERBIG,



A veteran from the Soldiers' Home placing flowers on his comrade's grave By ROBERT W. ALLEN, JR., No. 814 S. Pine Street, City.

and a hospital. The soldiers while there wrote a lot of disagreeable things on the wall. After the war it was repaired and the flat roof was made arched. The keys which were on the top of the church have long since come down, and everybody is afraid to elimb up there to put them back.

The old church yard was so small that every time they dug a new grave they would find a skeleton. It has now been enlarged. Some of the graves behind the church are over 180 years old.

BLESIE M. RICHARDSON, Talleysville, Va.

Literary Contest.

The Ballad of the Emu. Oh, say, have you seen at the willows so

green, So charmingly and rurally true, A singular bird, with a manner absurd, Which they call the Australian emu? Have you ever sees this Australian emu? t trots all around with its head on the

ground,
Or creets it quite out of your view;
And the ladies all cry, when its figure
they spy;
"Oh, what a sweet, pretty emui
Oh, do just look at that lovely emui"

With large loaves of bread then they feed it.
Instead of the flesh of the white cockatoo, Which once was its food in that wild neighborhood Where ranges the sweet kangaroo— That, too, is game for the famous emu.

Old saws and gimlets best its appetite whets,
Like the world-famous bark of Peru:
There's nothing so hard that the bird will discard,
And nothing its taste will aschew,
That you can give that long legged emu!

Drawing and poetry by DORA VITSKY,
No. 35 College Street,
Richmond, Va.
(Please send me a badge.)

The White Kitten.

My little while kitten's asleep on my knee;
As white as the snow or the lilles is she. She wakes up with a pur When I stroke her soft fur,
Was there ever another white kitten like her?

My little white kitten now wants to go And froite with no one to watch her about.
"Little kitten," I say,
"Just an hour you must stay,
And be careful in choosing your places to play."

Flint Hill, Va. Dear Editor: Enclosed you will find a drawing which I hope you will publish on the Children's Page. It is called "In the Good Old Summer Time." I must close.

Dear Editor:
Please find enclosed a drawing of an owi.
I hope you will put it in the paper as I drew it all by myself and I am only five years old.
Please send me a badge.
Yours truly,
NELSON BEAL. R. F. D. No. 1, New Rent county, Vr.

Dear Editor:
I am a little girl eleven years old. I leve to see the beautiful drawings of The T.-D. C. C. mage and read the interesting stories. I spend much of my spare time in drawing garden would be very pleased to be deep the drawing the drawing the country of the drawing which please publish. I will close for the present, hoping Your little friend,

No. 1173 West Leigh Street, eity.

Dear Editor:

I recokon you have forgotten I am a member of your nice page, but really I have not had time to write, as I had to go to school. Now as my school has closed, I will take more interest in The T-D. C. C. I wish I could be as fortunate as to live in Richmond, I would try and get the prize for the nicest flower garden, as I dearly love to work in a garden, Mother always gives me a space in the garden for my vegotables. I have a real nice garden that the good old summer time has come this year. I know all the children are glad that the good old summer time has come so they can enjoy their vacation. I agree with Sue Perry Beal for wanting to see your picture in the paper, for I would like to get a look at your good face. I think the finiferen's Page is growing real rapidly. It is the best page in the paper, I must close for fear my letter will be too long. I remain, Your true friend.

Blackstone, Va.

Blackstone, Va.

Dear Editor:

I am a little girl ten years old and would like very much to John your club. I have been reading the children's letters and enjoyed been reading the children's letters and enjoyed to would get a prive. I enjoy reading so much. I would get a prive. I enjoy reading so much. My school has closed and I have been taking music. I like music fine. Please send me a badge. With best wishes.

Sincerely, GEORGIE E. AVERETT,

Averett, Va.

Dear Editor:

As I have vacation I will write to The T.D. C. C. My school has closed and I am
very sorry for I like to go to school very
much. I am glad to see the members getting
on so nicely. I am always glad to get the
Sunday's paper. I enclose some drawings and
hope you will think it fit for publication.

Yours truly,
Vilidinia PARHAM BARRETT.
Maury, Va.

Dear Editor:
I have heard so much about your page, I thought I would write to you. My home is in the country, but I am staying in Black-

FOR THE WEEK.

PRIZE WINNERS

Elizabeth Mary Beveridge, city, for Excellent Example of Short-Story Writing. Miss Beveridge is requested to send her Page.

Bessle M. Richardson, of Talleysville, Va., for Contribution to Literary Departs

Va., for Contribution to Puzzle Depart-

CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE WEEK Allen, R. W., Jr. Averett, Mamie

Allent. R. W., Jr.
Albertson, A. L.
Bristow, W., Jr.
Bowsell, M. L.
Beverldge, E. M.
Baldwin, Lucile
Dietz, Frieda
Gilbert, Eina
Herbig, Mamie

Averett, Mamie
Boswell, M. L.
Beverldge, E. M.
Beverldge, E. M.
Budwin, Lucile
Dominici, Teresa
Dimmock, M. S.
Gathright, Louise
Jones Annie Herbig, Mamie Kester, W. Mon. Lynn, Mary B, Miller, F. A. McGraw, L. H, Pullen, W. T., Jr. Richardson, B. M. Spencer, Clarence Sheppe, Wm. M. Theilmer, Helena

Ryall, George Starke, Sara D. Starke, Sara

A Game of Pase Ball.

One day in town there was a great excitement. All of the base-ball team was excited nearly to death. They were afraid it was going to rain, but it didn't; and some of the girls and the team went to a little town about ten miles from our town and spent the night; then next day was the day for the game (it was Saturday). At four colock the umpire called out 'play ball;" then the fun began out 'play ball;" then the fun began was eight to one in fayor of our team, was eight to one in fayor of our team, and the other team gave up. Then the girls and team went back to the home

The Farmer and Stork.

A farmer was troubled by the cranes eating the wheat which he had sown in his fields. He sat traps in the fields to catch the cranes, and caught a great many. Once he found a stork in a trap. The stork had broken its leg in the trap and was crying loudly. When he say the farmer he begnn to beg for his life. "I am not a crane" he said; "I am a poor stork, and my leg is broken. You know my father and mother, and good they are." The farmer laughed, and said, "I can see you're not a crane, but I have found you in bad company, and you must die.

Selected by GEORGIE E. AVERETT,

Averett, Va.

The Fragrant Summer Time. When the gold is on the willow and the maple's buds are red.
When your feet have grown so heavy that you fear they're made of lead; When the fever's in your system and you're lasy as the deuce, And your ever ready answer is a mumbed "What's the use?"
Then it's time to hang the kettle and prepare for making soap, Just beside the ash-filled hopper, on the orchard's sumy slope;
Then the season's full of trouble in this semi-southern alime, For it brings that awful something known as "The Fragrant Summer Time."

At the prospects of caestand the mildest kind.

And your humping over makes you sort o' dizzy like and bilnd;
Beets and radishes and lettuce, peas and soven breeds of bean.
Popples, marigoid and larkspurs for the walks and between;
These the things inseparable from the days that rock the rhyme.

These the tragedies that trouble us in "The Fragrant Summer Time."

Selected by LUCILEE CROWDER.

Truitt, Va.

Dear Editor:

I sent a drawing last week, but did not see it in your paper. I send another this week, which I hope you will put in The T.-D. C. C. I would like to join The T.-D. C. C. So please send me a badge. Good-hyo.

Yours sinceroly,

MARIAH W. PANNILL,

the tomb.
There's grandeur in graves, there's glory,
in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is

For out of the gloom future organics.

born.

As after the night comes sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead with the grass over-grown.

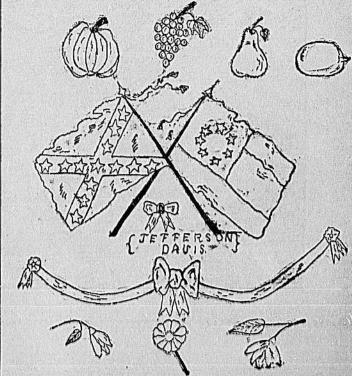
May yet form the footstone of liberty's throne.

And each single wreck in the warpath of might.

Sall yet be a rock on the temple of right.

Selected by ETNA GILBERT.

Gilbert's Hotel.



By MICHAUX CARLETON, Richmond, Va.

3 Bronsel Ovenbird. Whip-pm William William Wireo. Least Flycatcher. Rose en de Cardin al.

BIRDS IN A TREE.